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The Bulletin.

AN OLD TIME DUEL.

Tom Reynolds and Gratz Brown the Combatants.

[From the Chicago Times.]

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 8.—In 1856, Thomas C. Reynolds, who is now recognized as one of the leading lawyers of the State, and who was at the last election a prominent candidate for the United States Senatorship, led the Democratic party of St. Louis. Reynolds, as the leader of the anti-Benton party, had been forced to accept the nomination for Congress and make the race against Frank P. Blair, the Benton candidate. McKee and Fishback were then running the *Democrat* as the Free Soil organ, and B. Gratz Brown was the editor. Blair held an interest in the paper, and naturally it espoused his cause. As the canvass progressed toward the end Brown wrote an editorial, mercilessly caustic and personal, reflecting upon Reynolds. The latter replied in a brief but pointed card. Brown promptly challenged, and Reynolds as promptly accepted.

Brown chose as one of his seconds Leo Walker, a high-spirited South Carolinian, who had married into a wealthy family here, and was then a resident of St. Louis. His other friend was Col. David D. Mitchell, once Superintendent of Indian affairs, and well known as an Indian and plain fighter. But besides these there clustered about Brown, as the party's champion, Thomas H. Benton, Frank P. Blair, and all their powerful coterie.

Reynold's seconds were Col. Fred Kennett, the best pistol shot in Missouri, who lived in lordly style at Selma Hall, and Capt. Thomas P. Hudson, a Democratic politician, who figured famously in the Doniphan expedition to Mexico. Forty miles below St. Louis, on high river bluffs, is Selma Hall, built of stone, and much after the style of the German baronial castles which look down on the Rhine. On the 23d of August the parties left St. Louis. Reynolds passed the night before leaving St. Louis at the residence of Isaac H. Sturgeon, and he slept so late and so soundly that he had to be called loudly in the morning. With his surgeon, Dr. J. H. Shore, and his friends Kennett and Hudson, Reynolds went over the river and journeyed leisurely down the Illinois side.

There was no haste; everything was done camly and deliberately. Reynolds remained on the Illinois side until Monday evening, the 25th of August, and then crossed over to Selma and became the guest for the night of G. W. Chadbourne, now the President of the St. Louis Shot Tower Company, who had a country seat at that time just above Kennett's place. Brown and his friends had been made the guests of Kennett, Reynolds's second, as courtesy was construed to require. Kennett believed in the code, and was as full of romance as a school girl. He had looked after all the minutest details. On the morning of Tuesday, the 28th of August, the men were to meet, and the place of meeting was a sand bar midway between Illinois and Missouri. Before daybreak the parties started for the bar in cushioned skiffs propelled by negro rowers.

The time was just before sunrise, and as Kennett looked up and down the river over the magnificent view of bluff and wood and water, taking in the scene with his ardent, sensuous nature, he turned to Mitchell, the bluff old Indian fighter, and said abruptly, after a sweeping glance of the country:

"It is beautiful. Would you like to be shot to-day?"

"As well one day as another. Why?" was the curt answer.

"It looks like tempting Providence such a day as this," said Kennett, with another glance at the gorgeous scene.

"It may be, but Providence is with him who shoots first and pulls the steadiest trigger," and then there was silence until the boats grated on the sand bar. The principals stepped out jauntily, and stood aside while the ground was selected and measured. Reynolds was 85, of medium height, and squarely built, without extra flesh. He has grown stout and grizzled since then. He was a South Carolinian, and wore the favorite light gray of the South. Brown was only thirty, a native of Kentucky, sandy haired, and of strong, nervous temperament. He wore on this morning a full suit of black, buttoned to the chin.

They were to fight with the regulation duelling pistols, those long-barrelled ominous-looking weapons, with the single word "London" sunk in the iron—weapons but seldom seen now. The stocks were of mahogony, not polished, and rounded and liable to slip in a perspiring hand, but shaped as square as a saw handle. They carried ounce balls, had hair triggers and double sights, and in trained hands meant death four times out of five. The men were to fight face to face, twelve paces apart. The drop shot had been chosen. The pistols were to be held muzzle upward until the word was given, and then lowered and fired.

The distance was measured, and Kennett flung up the silver half dollar and won the choice of position. He tossed again, and won the word. He was to call out "Fire—one—two—three—stop." The principals were not to lower their pistols before the word "fire," and not to shoot after the word "stop." The pistols were loaded and the men took their places, Brown with the half sarcastic smile which he always wore. The surgeons noiselessly opened their cases and each looked at his man. Kennett called out:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready," was the reply in the same breath.

Then from Kennett came the deliberate "Fire—one——"

At the first monosyllable Reynolds had lowered his weapon and, while the second word was on Kennett's lips, fired, Brown following the movement so close that the two seconds were hardly distinguishable.

Reynolds stood like a statue, the smoke curling up from his pistol's month. Brown staggered, shifted from one leg to the other, while the lines of his face straightened. Hudson stepped up to Reynolds and said:

"Brown is wounded in the groin."

"You are mistaken," was Reynolds' reply. "I aimed at his knee."

So it was; the heavy ball had split the bone of the right leg just below the knee, and a pool of blood was widening out about Brown's feet. Nevertheless the Kentuckian stood his ground with compressed lips and demand another fire. The surgeons examined the wound and forbade it. There was a brief consultation between seconds, and Reynolds walked over to Brown, who had been forced to the ground by the pain, and offered his hand. It was taken, explanations followed, and all was smoothed away just as the steamer Editor—appropriate name—came puffing up the river. The hail was answered, and the whole party taken on board. Brown was carried in a blanket, and it was months before he left off his crutches. Even to-day a preceptible limp tells of the severity of the wound.

Kennett says that Brown's bullet glanced by Reynold's breast, and had not the latter fired so rapidly as he did—affecting his antagonist's aim—he must have received the ball squarely in the chest. Both were splendid shots.

OBEYING ORDERS.

A Practical Joke on a Lightning-Jerker.

[Bloomington Pantagraph.]

Some time ago there was an order issued from the general superintendent's office of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, requiring all agents and other employes connected with the trains upon that road to wear badges when upon duty, designating the position they have, that the traveling public might, without mistake, know who to apply to for any information or protection required. This order in due time was sent to the different agents along the line of the road, together with the badge they were to wear.

Among the agents that received this order and badge was Mr. J. R. Madison, of Washington, upon the western division of the road, who immediately carried out the order. He was very much pleased with the badge, as it was quite ornamental, and showed to every one the position held. He thought it would save many questions as to the rank he held upon the staff of this large corporation, so he wore it continually—not only around the town, but to church and places of amusement—and when he took off his hat he would place it in a very conspicuous position, that it might draw attention.

The young men of Washington began to feel quite taken aback by the attention given the young railroad agent, therefore they set there heads together to get a rig on him, which they saw fully carried out recently to the delight of all the citizens of the above-named city. They purchased a very fine sword and belt down the road somewhere, and then wrote a letter purporting to come from the general superintendent, informing all agents that in future they would be required to wear the sword and belt, as it would add greatly to the appearance of the leading official of the station, as well as giving him something with which to defend the patrons of the road from the confidence men and pickpockets that are always to be found at a railway station. This was taken north and given to the train men, who, on the arrival of the train at Washington, delivered it to Mr. Madison, who promptly put it on; and soon after he was seen promenading the streets in full dress, strutting about as proud as a major general. The novelty of the thing created considerable laughter among the citizens, who began to ask him about the cause of all this display, whereupon he showed the instructions. Some one told him that the whole thing was a joke put upon him, and that he had better see if the thing was general throughout the line, so he repaired to the office and by telegraph asked the agents at Lacon and Wenona if they had got their swords, etc., to which they replied they had, that they were the laughing-stock of every one, but that they did not mind it, as they would soon become used to it. Getting the assurance that there was no joke about it, he resumed his business without any further trouble.

Before night the joke had gone the length of the wires on every divison of the road, and a ripple of laughter was continuous from Chicago, Louisiana, and Washington to Chicago, and probably has spread by this time to every telegraph line in the Union. If Mr. Madison ever hears the end of it he may bless his lucky stars.

☞During the epidemic of intermittents in the West this season, the whole immense stock of Ayer's Ague Cure became exhausted, and the producing power of his Laboratory was found inadequate to meet the demand. Many who knew its extraordinary virtues for the cure of Chills and Fever, paid exorbitant prices for it. This Ague Cure is said, by those who use it, to never fail. Reader, if you must have medical aid, take the best of medicine. Poor remedies are dear, as good are cheap, at any price you have to pay for them.—*Charleston Courier.*